

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE II

an original screenplay

by

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"It's a dog-eat-dog world. And from where I sit, there just ain't enough damn dog."

--- O.W. "Dad" Joiner, legendary  
Texas wildcat-oilman

Mid-October each year the Texas/O.U. Weekend hits Dallas, Texas. This event centers around a simple college football game between the U. of Texas and Oklahoma U.; but nothing's simple in Texas.

What really happens is a SuperAmerican go-crazy blood-grudge ritual: thousands of Texans and Okies overrun the streets Knee-walking drunk; brawl and butt heads; throw TV sets out hotel windows; crash cars and trucks --- it's a small, fast off-the-record Weekend War fought for no reason except for the hell of it.

This story fits into this uncontrollable Weekend.

FADE IN:

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD --- NIGHT

White convertible Porsche 911 Cabriolet zooms wildly down a back Texas road under the swelling moon.

TEENAGE GIRL (RADIO)  
...an that's for Glen and couldya  
tell the girls at Plano Central High  
to just leave him alone...

LADY DJ/STRETCH  
...Got it and I believe it. This is  
Stretch keeping the dedication line  
open on K-OKLA in Burkburnett...  
Here on the tip-top of the Dallas  
Ft. Worth metroplex...

The Porsche passes a road sign:  
Mesquite 27 mi.  
Dallas 54 mi.

The passenger shoots a hole in the two "l's" in "Dallas".

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE --- NIGHT

TWO TEXAS TEEN-YUPPIES drink and yuk along, calling the radio station on the car-phone.

DRIVER  
(into phone)  
Yo Stretch! From the senior  
boys at Wheeler High to the  
senior girls who're so stuck  
up play "You're on the Road  
to Nowhere--"

STRETCH (RADIO)  
You mean "We're on the Road to  
Nowhere?"

The gun-weilding passenger grabs the phone, yukking.

GUNNER

(into phone)

Nah babe, we're on the road to  
Texas/OU weekend in Dallas, you're  
on the road to Nowhere, hah?

Ahead a beat-up PICKUP TRUCK with one headlight out chugs  
slowly toward the Porsche from the opposite lane.

STRETCH (RADIO)

OK that's real funny, guys. Wanna  
hang up now? You're tying up the  
line... Hey c'mon...

The Driver spots the truck.

DRIVER

Check it out dude: play a little  
chicken with the farmer!

The T-Ys hoot in excitement as the Porsche accelerates into  
the other lane for the collision game with the old truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD --- NIGHT

The Porsche veers toward the truck. The truck wavers, then  
swerves into the other lane. But the Porsche cuts back  
head-on at it, as they see-saw back and forth 2, 3 times.  
The Porsche won't let the truck get away.

Seconds before the crash the truck skids off the road in  
a cloud of gravel. The Porsche honks, T-Ys jeer as they  
rocket past waving "Hook 'em Horns" (forefinger and little  
finger out, the rest of the hand clenched in a fist).  
This is a hand gesture of support for the U. of Texas foot-  
ball team, nicknamed the Longhorns.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE --- NIGHT

The T-Ys laugh crazily into the phone.

TEEN-YUPS  
(into phone)  
Ya got that, babe? Hot ride:  
stick with us!

STRETCH (RADIO)  
Yah, later sports. Just hang up  
OK?

TEEN-YUPS  
(into phone)  
Noway! We got a lot more requests!

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO-LANE BRIDGE --- NIGHT

The Porsche leaps up an incline and on to a long narrow two-lane bridge. The Gunner shoots at the bridge railing.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE --- NIGHT

The Gunner's glancing around for other targets. He sees the truck suddenly leap onto the bridge after them --- roaring toward the Porsche backwards.

GUNNER  
Whoa, dude...

GUNNER'S POV: TRUCK

Backing up at 90 mph. the truck moves frighteningly fast; catches up to the Porsche.

Then it slaloms over to get beside the Porsche.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE --- NIGHT

The Driver and Gunner look over at the weirdly reckless truck slamming along backwards beside them. The same radio station blares out of the truck making a big stereo sound between the vehicles. The truck's window is rolled up and masked by a spider-web crack, the driver can't be seen.

TEEN-YUPS  
Whatthefuck?! You crazy? Back  
off pig-fucker...

Now an odd figure pops up in the bed of the truck; hooded, somehow unreal. The figure jerks back and forth like a big Punch-and-Judy puppet. Crazy as it looks, the darkness makes it even harder to understand.

TEEN-YUPS  
What's that?! Lookit! some  
kinda geek...

Abruptly the figure graps up something from the truck bed and yank-starts it, raising it over it's head: a chainsaw.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO-LANE BRIDGE --- NIGHT

TEEN -YUPS  
The geeks gotta-- what?  
Whatzat?

The figure whacks at the Porsche with the chainsaw scratching and chewing up a rear fender.

Whacks again, sparks spraying. Whacks again, catching the convertible roof.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE ---NIGHT

It's happening too fast. The chainsaw's ripping and shredding the convertible roof. The T-Ys duck and yell. The Porsche can't get away. It's pinned between the truck and the bridge wall. They can't get away.

TEEN-YUPS

Get away, go! Can't, the bridge!  
Stand on it! Shoot 'em, shoot the  
bastard, get him...

The Gunner squirms and dodges, trying to aim and keep away from the flying blade. He gets off a couple of wild shots.

GUNNER

Duck! Stay down I can't aim!  
Now!...

GUNNER'S POV: TRUCK

The Gunner hits the figure, blowing back the hood revealing a mummy-like OLD MAN (GRANDAD from Chainsaw I). Hits the Old Man's neck --- the head flops sideways like a puppet-head with the strings cut. Oddly there's no blood from the wound.

DRIVER

Ya got him! Yee-hah! Good-bye  
geek!...



But the figure only pauses a split second. Then starts hacking at the Porsche more frenziedly.

CUT TO:

INT. K-OKLA RADIO STATION --- NIGHT

DJ's sliding away her earphones, yelling back at the yelling and screaming pouring from the car-phone connection. STRETCH is a rangy Sam Shepard sexpot cowgirl who's quit riding horses to ride airwaves. K-OKLA is a very low-tech small town radio station, a 3 man operation above a gun store.

Stretch's signaling to her engineer, L.G., a Future Farmers of America overall's type.

STRETCH

Ya hear this, L.G.? Can't you cut these jerks off?

L.G.

I'm trying. But they're on a car-phone. I can't disconnect. We're jammed. They gotta hang up.

CUT TO:

INT. PORSCHE --- NIGHT

It's gotten a lot worse: the roof's flapping open, Gunner's reloading.

The figure makes a last savage swing into the Porsche with the chainsaw. And suddenly the truck pops from reverse into first-gear and zooms away in the opposite direction.

A moment of silence and hard-breathing. Gunner hangs out the window yelling and shooting after the disappearing truck.

GUNNER

Missed us assholes!

Then the Driver slumps a little sideways. Both T-Ys realize that the top of the Driver's head has been sawed through like a slice of pizza. Both start screaming as the Driver's head blows open as the blood geysers straight up through the ripped roof.

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. K-OKLA RADIO STATION --- NIGHT  
C.U. - STRETCH

She jerks back hard as the screaming in her ear-phones peaks into a exploding crash. Abruptly: dead silence. Stretch looks around.

STRETCH  
Wuh, they're off. How'd you  
do it L.G.?

L.G  
Dunno. Just went dead air.

CUT TO:

CREDIT SEQUENCE  
CHAINSAW MONTAGE

A series of tableaux of prize Yuppie consumer products: croissants, over-priced designer sportclothes, etc. These might appear to be a bunch of upscale TV commercials: loving close-ups; smooth camera moves; back-lit in that unreal Spielberg glow.

Each tableau is shattered by a rampaging chainsaw:

A sunny oak table heaped with croissants and jams and fruit and steaming pots of coffee and cream and ... CHAINSAWED.

White shelves and wicker baskets stacked and strewn with Polo and Benetton sweaters and shirts and sweats and sport-coats and vests and scarves and ... CHAINSAWED.

A gleaming, multi-mirrored corner of a luxury exercise nook piled with chrome weights and exercise bicycle and blue foam exercise mat and Nautilus equipment and ... CHAINSAWED.

Etc.

SOUND MONTAGE OVER SEQUENCE:

Radio reports hyping the big football weekend mixed with strange news items (i.e.: Lovers commit suicide in 7-11 store; Mother smothers 7 adopted children; etc.).

The Good Life and The Bad Life.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERHIGHWAY --- DAY  
CLOSE ANGLE - BILLBOARD

Next to the LBJ Freeway looping toward the Emerald City of Dallas glistering on the horizon, a huge booster billboard:

Y'ALL COME BACK NOW!  
TO  
DALLAS  
THE CITY OF WINNERS

CUT TO:

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT --- DAY  
CLOSE ANGLE - BRONZE TEXAS RANGER STATUE

An heroic bigger-than-life statue of a Texas Ranger, stetson on his head and one hand hovering over his gun. On the statue's base, the Lawman's motto: "One Riot, One Ranger".

Past this statue stumps a short bull-like MAN in a similar stetson, with a weathered saddle-bag thrown over one shoulder.

The man's in his 60s; but he's still ramrod straight and got the real steely-eyed squint that Clint Eastwood can only try to imitate. No doubt; an old style iron man on a mission.

C.U. - SADDLE-BAG

On the saddle-bag, hand tooled letters spell out:

LT. BOUDE "LEFTY" ENRIGHT  
TEXAS RANGER  
(1928-1968)

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO-LANE BRIDGE --- DAY  
COP-CAR POV: THE BRIDGE

UNMARKED COP-CAR roars along behind a Texas HIGHWAY PATROLCAR (sirens hooting, lights flipping) racing down the narrow bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASH-SITE ---DAY

Just past the end of the bridge, the Porsche has punched into a hillside. Except for the taillights and one rear tire, the car looks like a crushed beer can.

Down the slope of the hill, a TOW-TRUCK and CREW are digging the Porsche out. Enright's there digging information out of the Tow-Truck Crew.

The burly Texas Highway PATROLMAN charges out of his car, yelling at Enright.

PATROLMAN  
You! Old timer, get away from  
there! This is an accident-  
zone, the area's restricted--!

Enright ignores him; and a clean-cut young DETECTIVE exits the unmarked car, cutting the Patrolman off. The Detective picks his way down the slope acting genial, overly polite.

DETECTIVE

Lt. Enright, sir, We heard you might be headed this way. You come over for the big game?

Enright ignores him too.

ENRIGHT

You know why I'm here.

DETECTIVE

Yessir. Something about chainsaw killers. But that was 20 years ago, sir. Besides this was an accident, couple of wild kids raisin' hell.

Enright spits through his teeth.

ENRIGHT

Yeh, one of 'em got so wild he sawed his own head off going 90 miles-an-hour. Hell. Hell is exactly what they raised.

CLOSER ANGLE

The Detective cuts a sharp look at the Tow-Truck-Crew. The Crewmen avoid this look guiltily; get extra-busy around the Prosche. Enright scrabbles his fingers along the saw-scratches and gouges on the Porsche's rear fender.

The Detective steps close to Enright with a queasy chuckle.

DETECTIVE

No sir, that information is off the record.

Enright ignores this.

DETECTIVE

Y'know, sir, this is always a pretty hairy weekend. Whole lotta folks come to town... who don't give a damn about football, y'know they just wanna go blood crazy for a few days. It's near impossible to keep 'em down by Law... an' if you start promoting this chainsaw business...

ENRIGHT

Just try to speak plain. Saves time.

The Detective sets himself as rock-solid as he can between Enright and the Porsche.

DETECTIVE

I've got authority from the D.A.'s office, sir, to stick you on the next plane back to Amarillo.

Enright looks up at the slick young man; over at the big Patrolman; then fixes on the Detective again with an especially steely eye.

ENRIGHT

You do that, son. I'd like to see that authority.

The Detective shrugs into another approach.

DETECTIVE

Arright Lt. Enright: What's your deal?

The tough old man nods curtly.

ENRIGHT

Arright. I'm just gonna ask some questions. Put it on the news: any information on this "accident", maybe some witnesses...

The Detective half-smiles, nodding: sure, sure.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN DALLAS HOTEL ROOM --- EVENING (LATER)  
C.U. - HOTEL ROOM TV

On the room's TV: shots of the wildness as thousands of  
Texans and Okies overrun downtown Dallas streets  
crashing, brawling, yelling crazily, etc.

A TV-COMMENTATOR recites mayhem statistics (number  
of people shoved down elevator shafts, etc.) half-  
jokingly trying to explain "why" this annual Week-  
end runs mad. He can't.

ANGLE - ENRIGHT

Enright sits ramrod straight in a chair in the middle of the  
fancy-tacky room. He's in his shirt and suspenders, staring  
straight ahead and drinking a bottle of Mezcal.

Outside the windows, the sounds of street-riots. A couple  
of TV-sets drop past the windows, thrown from upper level  
hotel rooms.

Enright glances up as the TV-News wraps up on a ironic note:

ANCHORMAN (TV)  
...and finally tonight, the Dallas  
Police report some guy's going around  
town claiming there's a chainsaw  
killer on the loose...

The other ANCHORMEN/WOMEN yap and shake their blow-dried heads  
sagely.

ANCHORMAN (TV)  
...just another Texas/O.U. Weekend  
story...

## CLOSER ANGLE - ENRIGHT

Enright seems unphased by most of what's going on. He's slugging down the Mezcal, sweating. Enright's eyes shake in his own private nightmare. He eats the agave worm, upending the bottle hard.

## ENRIGHT'S POV: THE ROOM

He sees chainsaws all around him: splintering the walls; hacking up through the floors; shattering the furniture, mirrors, bed, TV, etc. The chainsaws' rampage goes on and on insanely.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Enright doesn't flinch under the relentless chainsaw attack destroying the fancy-tacky hotel room around him.

MATCH-CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN DALLAS HOTEL ROOM --- DAY (EARLY MORNING)  
SAME ANGLE

Enright's still sitting in the chair in the middle of the room. The room's quiet, untouched by the chainsaw vision. The streets outside are semi-quiet. There's a sharp knock on the hotel room's door. Enright pauses; hears a second knock; turns up from the chair. Just a hint of unsteadiness to him.

## ANGLE - HOTEL ROOM DOOR

Enright opens the door to a tall girl in cowboy boots, cut-off jeans, a ZZ-Top T-shirt -- Stretch. Behind her in the hallway: two bunches of DRUNKS ram loaded room-service carts into each other. Stretch flaps up a newspaper.

STRETCH

(re: newspaper)

You need a witness. I'm a witness.



Enright registers her critically.

STRETCH

This Porsche, it wasn't an accident.  
I was talking to the kids when it  
happened. These news stories make  
it like you're nuts; but you're  
not nuts, Mister--

ENRIGHT

(quiet)

You saw it?

STRETCH

No. But I heard it--

Enright starts closing the door, too tired for this.

ENRIGHT

Missy, perffessionals are working  
on this.

But she drops her big shoulder bag in the doorway, purpose-  
fully blocking the door. She's digging in her bag, rattling  
rapid-fire:

STRETCH

No listen: it's here on tape.  
Regulations. We gotta record  
all the calls. End of the  
night we wipe the tapes, but  
I kept this one it was so  
weird...

Enright doesn't have any idea what she's talking about or  
doing. But he notes the Drunks have spotted this girl  
bending into a half-open doorway. And now they're sidling  
loosely toward this action. Enright pulls Stretch inside  
brusquely.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH AND ENRIGHT

He keeps her just inside the door. Stretch holds up a  
cassette, she hasn't stopped talking a beat.

STRETCH  
Here. It's right on here.

ENRIGHT  
What is?

STRETCH  
Evidence, sort of. Look: I'm a DJ on K-OKLA up in Burkburnett north of here. Got a nightly phone-in request show, and two nights ago these boys tied up my line with their car-phone and right in my own ears I heard something terrible happen. I didn't know what I'd heard, then I read your stories and I think what you're talking about is on this tape.

Enright doesn't even want to think about her line.

ENRIGHT  
No'm, no. I can't.

Stretch shakes the tape.

STRETCH  
But this is real. You could use it to get people to believe you--

ENRIGHT  
(dryly)  
That's real?... Real damn futile pain and fear...

He considers her: looks away, shaking his head; reconsiders her.

ENRIGHT  
Nah, you don't know... Lemme show you...

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Enright leaves her by the door; throws open his saddle-bag, pulling out a worn map of Texas. He unfolds the map across a fake-wood table top, motioning her to him.

## ENRIGHT

Back in the summer of 1968 my brother's kids were attacked in an isolated farmhouse in Central Texas. The kids were chainsawed to death by a mad-dog family of killers. Only sister got away. By the time the Laws got involved there was nothing to investigate --- no killers, no victims. Anything "real" had just vanished...  
Nothing left but sister. And there wasn't much left of her --- she went catatonic, just ain't there. Only some days she'll whisper over and over: 'Pray for my soul, pray for my soul...'  
The Laws couldn't find a damn thing. So they just forgot it.

He squints at her to make sure she's listening. Stretch shakes her head, a little stunned.

## ENRIGHT

But I didn't forget. Been tracking the chainsaw nearly 20 years. See this--?

## CLOSE ANGLE - THE TEXAS MAP

Enright's fingers point out small red crosses he's marked all across this dog-eared map of Texas.

## ENRIGHT (O.S.)

Kill-sites all across the state since '68. More unsolved, motiveless murders the Laws want to forget...

Now Stretch's hand moves over the map.

ANGLE - STRETCH AND ENRIGHT

Enright glances at her; but doesn't really see her, he's still lost in the memory of his search.

ENRIGHT  
They haunt Texas. And I haunt  
them. You don't want to get  
mixed up in here.

Stretch is unnerved by all this; but she's stubborn. And too cocky and ambitious.

STRETCH  
Yeh but I am. Look at it this  
way: Destiny turned on the radio  
and tuned it right to my show...

Now Enright looks at her hard.

STRETCH  
I'm right in the middle of this  
story. Don'tcha see? I could  
break this story and do something  
real. I could help ypu...

Enright cuts her off with a gesture and his piercing eyes.

ENRIGHT  
Don't get in my way, Missy. This  
time I'm close...

He clenches his fist over the Northeast part of the Texas map.

ENRIGHT

The last two years the kill-sites  
have clustered right around here  
north of Dallas. I know I'm close.  
This time it's gonna be the end:  
them or me--

STRETCH

But you can't do it alone--

But Enright's done with her. Abruptly he's folding up the  
map. He's shaking with anger and pridefulness so strong,  
Stretch does back up.

ENRIGHT

Don't need anyone to stand  
with me.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH AND ENRIGHT

He's moved her to the door.

ENRIGHT

I got a perfect willingness to  
die. That gives me the moral on  
this bunch. They live on fear,  
thrive on it. I got no fear  
left.

He shuts the door, shutting her out. He stares at the door  
as if he's looking right through it. He looks at his worn  
hands.

ENRIGHT

No fear.

The statement is edged by a question.

CUT TO:

EXT. DALLAS SUBURB SHOPPING CENTER --- DAY (MORNING)

Enright waits stoically by his rented STATION WAGON at one end of a small shopping center. It's too early for the stores to be open in this farm-town suburb of Dallas. The stores are low rent: K-MART, POPEYE'S FRIED CHICKEN, etc. Enright's in front of a WESTERN AUTO farm-and-home equipment store.

ANGLE - ENRIGHT

His car-radio jabbars hype for tomorrow afternoon's Texas/O.U. game. Enright fiddles with the radio; he accidentally runs across K-OKLA. He listens to the station I-D, squinting thoughtfully at the radio dial.

Now a runty TOYOTA noodles across the vacant parking lot; parks; a runty Western Auto Store MANAGER bounces out bristling with grins for his early-bird customer.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTERN AUTO STORE --- DAY  
ANGLE - ENRIGHT

Enright heads straight across the still dark store for the heavy equipment corner. The Manager's off clicking on rows of florescent ceiling lights. Enright stops in front of what he wants.

ENRIGHT'S POV: THE WALL

The overhead florescents blink on, flicker-lighting a wall of chainsaws. All sizes. Row above row. An uneasy-making sight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Enright's private moment with the emblems of his hatred --- breaks as the Manager comes humming around the counter.

MANAGER

Anyhoo...what can I do you for?...

Enright points out two chainsaws --- one large, one small.

The Manager lifts them down to Enright who hefts them one-handed like a six-gun. Enright swings each chainsaw, testing its balance, twisting, jabbing it in the air. He exchanges the large one for another that's better balanced.

The Manager's puzzled eye-balls bulge watching Enright thrust and twist with a chainsaw in each hand.

Enright's breathing hard, the machines are heavy; but he's stronger than he looks. And he's driven. He grows satisfied.

Enright lays two \$100 dollar bills on the counter. Walks out with the chainsaws without saying a word.

The Manager watches him go dumbly.

MANAGER

Oh my achin' banana...

CUT TO:

INT. BIG D MAGAZINE LOBBY --- DAY  
C.U. - CAST IRON MINIATURE CHILI-POT TROPHY

A big black dipper drops a smoking mound of chunky chili into the little pot. It overflows, oozing down the trophy pedestal half-covering the FIRST PRIZE emblem on the base.

Off-screen: APPLAUSE, APPLAUSE...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The magazine's lobby is a bad combo of High Tech and Fern.

A chubby hi-style GOURMET-YUPPETTE is gingerly presenting the dribbling trophy. A gaggle of FOOD-YUPPIES applauding, clinking their champagne glasses.

GOURMET-YUPPETTE

Sooooo...for the second year in a row the Big-D-for-Dallas Chili Cook-Off Champion is...our favorite caterer... The Last Roundup Rolling Grill!... Chef, Drayton Sawyer!!!!..

An eccentric-looking OLDSTER pokes a path through the F-Ys. He's dressed like a gas-station guy in a brown Big Smith coverall --- topped by an old red Brooks Brothers bow-tie. He doesn't fit here at all, but... these are Yups who'd rather eat than fuck.

CLOSER ANGLE - OLDSTER

The Oldster graps the trophy, grinning around at the applauding F-Ys like a wolf. The Gourmet-Yuppette squeals, giving him a phoney little hug. She dips her finger into the chili, sucks it coyly.

GOURMET-YUPPETTE

Ohh this year: the secret?...You must tell the secret of this fabulously tasty chili!...

Oldster wags his head.

OLDSTER

It's the meat. Don't skimp on the meat. An' I got a real good eye for prime meat. That's it.

Oldster holds the trophy to his chest, drooling chili all over himself unconcerned---(it's the COOK from Chainsaw I, styled a little more upscale, gotten into a neat catering business. He's an entrepreneur. It's the '80s.).



OLDSTER/COOK  
An' I gotta say: I love this town.  
'Cause you people here are real  
prime meat-eaters...

The Yups yuk it up, crowding in guzzling champagne.

CUT TO:

EXT. K-OKLA RADIO STATION --- DAY  
ANGLE - ENRIGHT

Enright's crouched in the shadow of an exterior wooden staircase. He's dropping stones from his hand, one at a time. Working on a plan.

Enright's behind a small-town gun store. A large hand-painted GUNS sign dominates the wall above the staircase. A smaller sign: K-OKLA (with an arrow pointing up) is nailed to the staircase rail.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A funky JEEP parks near the staircase, Stretch bopping out in her cut-off outfit, and up the stairs. Enright stands up and she stops, surprised.

ENRIGHT  
I'd like you to play that tape,  
Missy.

STRETCH  
Right now? You wanna hear it--

ENRIGHT  
On the radio. Tonight. On your  
show.

She peers at him through the stairs, back-tracks down.

STRETCH  
Hey, now wait mister--

ENRIGHT  
It's on there, ain't it?  
The killing?

STRETCH  
Yeh but it's, there's a lot  
of static, it's not clear what's  
going on. Anyway, I don't think  
it'd be legal to do this. FCC  
regulations--

CLOSER ANGLE

At the bottom of the stairs he grips her arm, somehow help-  
less.

ENRIGHT  
You figure out how to do it.  
Bend the rules. I don't know.  
You're a pro, you said.

STRETCH  
But why? Play the tape on-the-  
air for what?

ENRIGHT  
Because it's real. This'll be  
your "break", you called it, to  
do something real. Maybe you can  
help me stir up the Laws. They  
might have to stop shutting me  
up and start helping me.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH AND ENRIGHT

She considers him, shaking her head wryly.

STRETCH  
You got an awful lot of pride,  
Mister. Said you'd do this alone.  
What's changed that?

Enright's shaking his head.

ENRIGHT

No, I'm a plain man. Just dirt and rain. That's all. I'm not complicated like modern things. Laws that forget. I'm not looking to get anything but simple justice. But you're right: I can't do it alone. It's too big. I need help, Missy.

A beat between them. Another beat, he's turning to go. Stretch sticks out her hand to shake: a deal.

STRETCH

OK. But call me 'Stretch', Mister.

ENRIGHT

Call me 'Lefty'.

They shake on it. They start to plot.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST DALLAS ROAD --- DAY (SUNSET) ,  
ANGLE - CATERING TRUCK

The words, LAST ROUNDUP ROLLING GRILL speed by as the silver CATERING TRUCK whips along West of Dallas on a country road. The big-skyed sunset glints off the truck's stainless steel sides.

CUT TO:

INT. CATERING TRUCK --- DAY (SUNSET)

The Cook drives one-handed, hefting his trophy admiringly. He's a happy guy. The phone on the dashboard buzzes shrilly. He cradles the trophy, gets the phone grandly.

COOK  
 (into phone)  
 Last Roundup Rolling Grill we're  
 still number one--

He stops, instantly annoyed.

COOK  
 (into phone)  
 Told you boys don't call on this  
 phone! Dammit get off-- What?  
What's on the radio?...  
 (pause)  
 Don't bullshit me, how-- I don't  
 -- It can't-- Arrright: what  
 station...

Cook fumbles on the truck's radio, fuming and puffing. He's not a happy guy. He's flipping the stations, finding K-OKLA.

COOK  
 (into phone)  
 This ain't no joke, boy... OK,  
 yeh, I'm turning it up...

STRETCH  
 ...so here's a special request  
 we're doing tonight. You steady  
 listeners know we're playing it  
 every hour... This is for Lefty...

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST DALLAS ROAD --- DAY (SUNSET)

THE RADIO-TRACK BLASTS OVER THIS SHOT --- RAW, STATIC-FILLED  
 YELLING AND GUN CRACKS AND CHAINSAW BUZZING AND FEARFUL  
 DESTRUCTION.

The Catering Truck veers abruptly sideways running off the  
 road. Stopping in a squall of brakes.

CUT TO:

INT. K-OKLA RADIO STATION --- NIGHT  
C.U. - RADIO-BOARD

Stretch finishes the Midnight sign-off:

STRETCH  
...this concludes the broadcast  
day for K-OKLA in Burkburnett,  
Texas. It's 12 midnight Central  
Standard Time...

Stretch's hand punches in the "Star Spangled Banner" cassette;  
rolls it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

L.G., the engineer, switches off various machines. He's an  
agitated Future Farmer tonight.

L.G.  
I think there's gonna be trouble.

STRETCH  
Nope.

Stretch's burrowing into paper-work.

L.G.  
Sure got a lot of complaints.

STRETCH  
L.G., it was a request, right?  
It's in the logs as a request.  
People complain about requests  
every night. Right?

L.G.'s still unsure, but she got him.

L.G.  
Uh-huh... Wanna go get coffee at  
Big State?

STRETCH

Nope.

L.G.

Huh, you're waiting for this  
guy Lefty?

STRETCH

'night, L.G.

L.G. slouches out.

CLOSER ANGLE - STRETCH

She's working on her music-logs in the shadowy little station. But she's distracted; keeps stopping, staring blankly at the paper; erasing what she's done. Electric silence hums around her.

Gradually a very odd scratching sound intrudes on her thoughts. Disturbingly odd. Stretch blinks, noting the sound. She glances up --- jerks back a touch from what she sees.

STRETCH'S POV: A HIPPIE

A twitchy HIPPIE stands beside the radio-board watching her.

HIPPIE

Ahn: I wanna buy some radio-ad  
time.

He's time-warpy semi-comic: flower patched bell bottoms, bad Beatles wig, octagon purple shades; and squashed thin as a torilla. Plus this unsettling mannerism: he's got a straight-ened-out wire coat-hanger the tip of which he keeps heating with a Bic lighter, then scratching it up under his Beatles wig.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Stretch gets up looking him over.

STRETCH

No. We're closed. Off-the-air  
till tomorrow. Come back...

But he launches into a hyper acid-style rap rush:

HIPPIE

No but yeh but wuh: this is Radio-  
land right it's like infinite=  
eternal the waves in the ether-  
fuzz go on forever RRRROOOWWRRRR!  
Can't close that. Hi. I know what  
you're thinking: this is weird but  
I can handle it, hanh? What's this  
do? Y'know I never been in a radio  
station, could you do me a tour,  
hanh? Y'know you're my fave, me  
and Bubba my little brother listen  
to you every night. Music is my life...

He's crowding her, but Stretch shrugs it off.

STRETCH

OK, a quick tour. But seriously  
quick and it ends at the Exit  
sign, OK?

ANOTHER ANGLE

He tails Stretch around, scratching and poking into his head.

HIPPIE

Yeh OK sure you're my fave but  
I get too embarrassed to phone  
in my requests. it's too disem-  
bodied y'know but now we're here  
in flesh and blood it's not so  
hard I could request now and it'd  
still count, hanh?...

STRETCH

Un-huh. These are the turntables...

He's pulling bits of something out of his scalp, flicking it off the wire. She's creeped by this guy; hurrying him through; snapping lights on and off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

HIPPIE

Really should play more Iron  
Butterfly y'know: 'ina-ga-de-  
dah-veda-baby' y'know...

They're rambling through the engineer's booth. The storage room --- this room's mostly filled by a big tub of ice for beer and sodas.

STRETCH

Yeh. The storage room.  
(re: the tub)  
We got no 'frig, but the  
ice works...

ANOTHER ANGLE

HIPPIE

Y'know "Hang on Sloopy" 'people,  
yeh, y'know they try to put my  
Sloopy down'? It's heavy...

Stretch flips the lights on and off in the record vault.

STRETCH

The record vault's full of oldies,  
I bet it's in there---

She stops on a afterbeat realizing she saw a figure in the record vault. She snaps the light back on.

CLOSE ANGLE - RECORD VAULT

Suddenly in the now-lit record vault: LEATHERFACE. He looms, yank-starting his upswinging chainsaw; and strikes.



## ANGLE - THE THREE

Stretch jolts backwards; the chainsaw misses. But hits the Hippie's head with a loud CLANK! The chainsaw shreds the Beatles wig, uncovering a metal plate that's stiched across the top of the Hippie's head---(it's the HITCHIKER who was squashed by the cattle-truck at the end of Chainsaw I, now known as PLATEHEAD).

HIPPIE/PLATEHEAD  
Not me dumbass! Her!!

Leatherface lurches after Stretch, leaving Platehead rooting around on the floor whining over hunks of his chopped-up Beatles wig.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Stretch shrieks running through the radio station, Leatherface close behind sawing at things wildly. She makes it into the storage room slamming, triple locking the door.

## ANGLE - STRETCH

Inside the storage room, Stretch frantically tumbles boxes, etc. anything around desperate to make a wall. Outside she can hear Leatherface banging, buzzing haphazardly.

Stretch cowers fighting to calm herself, muttering:

STRETCH  
They live on fear, they live  
on fear...

Unexpectedly Leatherface bursts through the side of the room right next to her, flailing his chainsaw beserkly. He misses her; slamming his chainsaw deep into the tub of ice, stalling it out in a cloud of steam.

Stretch freezes.

ANGLE - STRETCH AND LEATHERFACE

Stretch and Leatherface stare at each other across the ice tub. He's panting; she doesn't let herself scream. He's blocking her in.

CLOSER ANGLE - THE CHAINSAW

Leatherface raises the machine out of the ice... and lays the cooling chainsaw blade against Stretch's bare leg.

CLOSER ANGLE - STRETCH

She stifles a terrified gasp.

STRETCH'S POV: THE CHAINSAW

Leatherface slowly slides the wet blade up her inner thigh.

CLOSER ANGLE - STRETCH AND LEATHERFACE

He's watching her. Stretch has no way out. No choice. She risks a choice, gathering her guts.

STRETCH  
How, how mad at me are you?...  
You're not really mad at me?...  
(pause)  
How good are you, huh?...

She's challenging him. Leatherface is puzzled.

STRETCH  
How...good...are...you?...

Leatherface cocks his head. Wrong: she should be screaming.

C.U. - THE CHAINSAW

He inches the blade higher on her thigh.

C.U. - STRETCH

She doesn't blink --- barely.

STRETCH  
Oh?...Really?...

C.U. - LEATHERFACE

He blinks, licks his one tooth. She's coming on to him.  
It stirs him unfamiliarly.

ANGLE - STRETCH AND LEATHERFACE

She's slowly, carefully rising up.

STRETCH  
Are you... really good?...

Stretch eases herself up to sit on the tip of the chainsaw.  
She takes it between her legs.

STRETCH  
Really, really good?...

Leatherface doesn't know what to do. He licks tooth. He's  
never had a girl do this. He's fumbling with the starter-  
mechanism on the chainsaw.

C.U. - THE CHAINSAW

His hands flipping around the starter-mechanism; the blade  
between her legs.

WIDER ANGLE - STRETCH AND LEATHERFACE

Abruptly Leatherface jerks away the chainsaw yank-starting it. But he doesn't turn it on her. He slashes the walls, boxes, etc. watching her in a rage --- as if demonstrating for her.

Stretch manages to stay cool.

Leatherface can't take her impassiveness. He's coming undone.

Suddenly he runs away.

ANGLE - RADIO STATION ROOMS

Leatherface lumbers through the radio station randomly hacking at things. Platehead scoots up alongside him, scratching.

PLATEHEAD

You get her, little brother?  
Get that bitch, Bubba? She  
was my fave. But she knew. Now  
nobody knows.

They bang through the exit sawing and scratching, not looking back.

ANGLE - STRETCH

In the wrecked storage room, Stretch sags into the ice tub almost fainting from fear. Then she catches herself.

STRETCH

No they'll get away. They can't...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Stretch staggers through the rooms to the door. She peers down the outside staircase into the dark.

Below the staircase, the strange brothers climb into the beat-up truck; careen away.

Stretch looks around outside, searching quickly.

STRETCH  
(to herself)  
Oh God, damnit Lefty you're late.

Stretch scrambles down the outside staircase, and ducks into her parked Jeep. And takes off after the truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH TEXAS ROAD --- NIGHT

The truck leads the jeep towards Dallas. Stretch drives with the lights out, sometimes standing to keep the truck in sight under the near-full moon.

The truck drives insanely fast. Stretch pushes against her fear to keep after it.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST DALLAS ROAD --- NIGHT

The truck heads into an odd landscape near West Dallas: a vast, unfinished industrial park. Half-completed glass skyscraper-towers that seem scattered randomly across the flatland.

It's eerie, dislocating --- the empty prairie with gigantic unpeopled buildings that seem to be here for no function or reason.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Now the truck veers off the road across a wide dirt field. Stretch pulls up, watching the truck's red taillights receding out under the big night sky.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Stretch swings off the road, threading cautiously through the loose rutted dirt.

Abruptly ahead the red taillights disappear half-way across the field.

## CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch stops short, cuts off her motor. She squints around, half-standing, looking if the truck is moving out there somewhere with its lights off.

## STRETCH'S POV: THE FIELD

The field is clear in the moonlight; the truck is gone. And now with the motor off, Stretch can hear a low howling rising across the field. It's not the wind. The sound seems to be coming up out of the ground all over the field.

## CLOSER ANGLE - STRETCH

She's shivering, bewildered. Suddenly she turns, realizing there's another car behind her. She sees its ghostly shape slowly coming across the field towards her.

Stretch floorboards the Jeep --- too fast: its wheels spin, sinking up to the fenders in loose dirt.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Stretch panics, throwing herself out of the tilting Jeep. She runs away headlong, zig-zagging and stumbling.

The ghostly car picks up speed to catch her.

## CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

She's running wildly, blindly. She's scared out of her skin.

Stretch falls into an unseen crevice. Grabbing and gasping and sliding down out of sight into the ground.

#### ANGLE - THE CREVICE

The ghostly car skids up to the edge of the crevice spinning in the dirt. It's Enright's station wagon.

Enright hauls himself out breathing hard. He scans around searching where the girl vanished. He crouches on the brink of the crevice. He grabs fistfuls of dirt and dribbles them down into the dark underground. An odd wisp of smoke twists up from the crevice.

#### CLOSE ANGLE - ENRIGHT

He's caught between cursing himself for losing the girl/ praying he's finally locating the chainsaw nest. Double emotions screw through him crazily alone in the howling field.

#### ENRIGHT

They're here...went under here  
somewhere... Don't cry sister,  
I'm here now, it's gonna be over  
now... It's gonna be over...

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

Unexpectedly a hundred yards ahead: headlights beam up out of the ground. Enright flattens watching a Catering Truck emerge from the field --- stainless steel sides, dotted with multi-colored running lights. The silver Catering Truck rumbles away. (It's the silver truck seen earlier, with the "Last Roundup..." sign removed.)

Enright scuttles carefully forward.

#### ANGLE - RAVINE

Enright comes to a ravine with a huge drainage pipe protruding out of the bottom of it. Enright checks back at the departing silver truck. He enters the ravine.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVINE --- NIGHT  
ANGLE - DRAINAGE PIPE

The pipe is a giant corrugated-metal tube leading into pitch black.

It is one source of the howling sound --- air being sucked into the pipe by a strong down-draft.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE --- NIGHT

Enright edges into the pipe, noting the tire-ruts that lead in and out of it. Suddenly his stetson gets sucked off his head, rolling deeper into the pipe's darkness. Enright catches up to his hat --- and now he hears a sharp insect-like buzzing mixing with the low howling.

CLOSE ANGLE - ENRIGHT

He peers around and finds a half-hidden off-shoot tunnel cut out of one side of the corrugated-metal pipe. The buzzing comes from the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL --- NIGHT  
ANGLE - ENRIGHT

Enright takes a couple of careful stooped-over half-steps into the tunnel --- instantly he's swarmed by buzzing flies. Thousands of flies. He backs up quickly, batting the black fly-filled air.

He almost trips --- the floor of the tunnel's slippery, mucky. With blood and unmentionable remains.

CUT TO:



INT. DRAINAGE PIPE --- NIGHT  
ANGLE - ENRIGHT

Enright runs half-backwards out the drainage pipe toward the ravine. His fists clenching, unclenching. His boots echoing, sliding on the corrugated-metal.

CUT TO:

INT. CREVICE --- NIGHT  
CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Underground, Stretch tumbles down the dirt hole falling deeper into darkness. She's trying to stop herself. But she's dropping head-first, faster.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND SMOKE-ROOM --- NIGHT

Suddenly Stretch crashes through a ceiling into an underground room. But her legs jam up in the caved-in hole she's made --- she stops with a jolt, hanging upside-down.

CLOSER ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch gasps catching her breath, swinging slightly. She shakes her head, checking her scratched-up body, looking around to figure what she's fallen into.

STRETCH'S POV: THE ROOM (UPSIDE-DOWN)

Drifting pungent mesquite smoke darkens the room. Other indistinct SHAPES are hung throughout the room. There's something undesirably familiar about these Shapes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Stretch sniffs at the smoke curling around her. She sways herself sideways out to touch the nearest Shape, tap it around with her out-stretched arms.

She turns the Shape towards her --- abruptly jerks her hands away from it. Clearly a part of a human rib-cage bulges from the Shape.

STRETCH  
(to herself)

Uh-oh...

Stretch guesses: this is a smoke-room for curing meat.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch starts pulling and struggling frenziedly; but can't reach the floor, can't move her legs.

She passes out, hanging limply.

[NOTE: Stretch has fallen down a kind of crude chimney for the smoke-room.]

CUT TO:

EXT. LBJ FREEWAY --- NIGHT

The silver Catering Truck heads up the empty many-laned freeway toward the stacked, lit-up skyscrapers of downtown Dallas.

CUT TO:

INT. CATERING TRUCK --- NIGHT

The Cook drives erratically snapping at Platehead beside him:

COOK  
Told you boys an' I told you:  
don't take Granddad out on your  
runs! Getting him all tore up!  
An' you didn't come back with  
nothin' but trouble--

Platehead's got Granddad on his lap to sew the neck-wound.

PLATEHEAD  
But he asked, wanted to go  
to 7-11 and get a Big Red  
soda, hanh Granddad?

Platehead answers himself, imitating a squeaky voice:

PLATEHEAD (AS GRANDDAD)  
'Yehboy: Big Red soda an' a  
peanut pattie!'

[NOTE: Fact is clearly Granddad had finally passed on.  
His remains have been muppetized like E.T., and are ani-  
mated by various family members.]

Cook snatches the mangled Beatles wig off Platehead irritatedly.

COOK  
Look like a fool. Wouldn't  
trust you to chase flies off  
a dead dog's dick!

PLATEHEAD  
Hey maybe I'll get one early  
Sonny Bono-style y'know: kinda  
page-boy look long on the sides?  
Y'know: 'i got you, babe, i  
got you, babe--'

ANGLE - TRUCK'S REAR KITCHENETTE

Leatherface is deeply quiet in the kitchenette/grill in the  
rear of the truck. He's oblivious to the bickering and  
babbling up front. He's lost in thought. Feeling different.

The cook yells back, excitable:

COOK

Get ready for work, boys!  
Big pre-game brunch tomorrow  
means a ton of croissant sand-  
wiches! I love this town!...

CUT TO:

EXT. DALLAS INTERFIRST BANK PLAZA --- NIGHT

A wide conjunction of many streets encircling the InterFirst Bank in downtown Dallas. The bank's a 72-story glass monolith outlined in neon-like argon piping that glows green (the color of money).

Even at 4 A.M. the eve of the football game, the near empty streets are still beating. Scattered with marauding bands of trouble-seeking knee-walking DRUNKS.

ANGLE - SILVER TRUCK

The Catering Truck cruises the plaza. It starts to turn toward other streets. But gets caught at a stop-light by a huddle of large REDNECK ROWDIES.

The Rowdies spread around the truck, banging and rocking it.

ROWDIES

We want beer! We want Beer!  
More beer now! etc.

The truck tries to edge forward, but they won't let it go. They're slugging the truck. They smash a side window. They're waggling "Hook 'em Horns" hands.

ROWDIES

Hey you got Okies in there?  
Get it on! They're hidin'  
Okies an' beer! Hook 'em Horns!  
etc.

Abruptly Leatherface lunges from the truck's back-door, chainsawing off the nearest "Hook 'em Horns" hand --- sending it flipping across the wide plaza.

The newly-handless Rowdy doesn't stop a beat. He thrusts his stump-arm at Leatherface in the classic "Fuck-You" gesture.

HANDLESS ROWDY  
Oh yeh?! Fuck you, ugly!!

Now he feels dimly that something's wrong.

But Platehead grapples Leatherface back inside. The truck shoots away.

CUT TO:

INT. CATERING TRUCK --- NIGHT

Cook's hornet-mad, cursing and yelling:

COOK  
That's just trashy, dammit!  
Wasting time on rednecks,  
no money in that kinda meat!

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DALLAS STREET --- NIGHT

The silver truck whips around the corner; roars down a ramp into an underground multi-level parking garage.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE --- NIGHT

The multi-level concrete parking garage seems endless.

From somewhere down in it comes echoing sounds of beserk destruction: ear-splitting CRASHES interspersed with rebel-yells and "Hook-'em-Horns!" chants.

The silver truck turns down a couple of levels --- meets the root of this racket.

C.U. - OKLAHOMA LICENSE-PLATE

The Oklahoma license-plate hangs half-off the front bumper of an OLD CAR. The old car's being systematically battered to bits.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A pack of stoned and drunk Texas TEEN-YUPS in Ralph-Lauren-Polo and Benetton outfits attack the old car from Oklahoma. They're ramming their sturdy new DATSUN-ZX into it; backing up; ramming it again. They're beating on it, breaking windows with weighted sawed-off pool cues. Etc.

They're jumping up and down on the wreckage rebel-yelling, chanting "Hook-'em-Horns!".

CLOSE ANGLE - COOK

Inside the truck, Cook's leaning over the steering wheel grinning. He's inching the truck along, eye-balling all the designer-label clothes on the TEEN-YUPS.

COOK'S POV: TEEN-YUPS

Handsome wardrobes ripple as a windshield shatters. Costly colors and rich patterns and designer trademarks all over the pack.

ANGLE - COOK, PLATEHEAD, LEATHERFACE

Cook nods around inside to the strange brothers.

COOK

Now there you go, boys. See  
anything that makes your ears  
wiggle? That's Quality with  
a capital 'K'...

CLOSE ANGLE - CATERING TRUCK

The silver truck creeps closer to the TEEN-YUPS. Cook  
rolls down his window, tooting the truck's horn. He waves  
to the T-Ys.

COOK

Hey: you little weasels want  
some croissants?

ANGLE - TEEN-YUPS

The T-Ys turn from their mayhem, a little puzzled. Then  
the pack exchanges knowing smiles: next target.

A BIG T-Y straightens his orange Texas U. football helmet.

BIG T-Y

Sure you old fruit...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The T-Ys move smugly to surround the silver truck, and  
close in.

Abruptly the truck's doors bop open.

It's all over in a flash of shredded over-priced fashion.

\*\*\*\*\*

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE --- NIGHT (LITTLE LATER)  
 ANGLE - A LOWER PARKING LEVEL

The silver truck eases down to a lower level of the parking garage. It rambles across to a huge drainage pipe in one concrete wall.

ANGLE - CATERING TRUCK

Platehead hops out of the truck, starts unscrewing the heavy wire grating that covers the drainage pipe.

ANGLE - PLATEHEAD

Platehead's wearing the Texas U. Football helmet --- it's too big, and a few tufts of sticky-wet hair poke out around the edges of the helmet (part of the Big T-Y's head is still in there). Platehead pauses to scratch under the helmet with his coat hanger. He pulls out some reddish-blond hair; poodles it up to throw it away. Then reconsiders; stuffs it in his pocket.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Cook see-saws half out of the truck yelling:

COOK  
 Gonna jump-start you with a  
 cattle-prod boy! What's the  
 good of taking this short-  
 cut home if you dawdle-butt  
 around?!

Platehead scampers around swinging the grating open.

The silver truck screeches up into the drainage pipe.

CUT TO:



INT. UNDERGROUND SMOKE-ROOM --- NIGHT (LITTLE LATER)  
ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch's struggling sweat-soaked to loosen her legs from the ceiling. She wrenches hard; drops a little further through to her knees; but can't get completely unhung. She stays upside-down gasping, her hair matted by the hot smoke.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Now the smoke-room door bangs open, light streaking into one corner of the room.

CLOSER ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch jerks herself still, barely breathing.

STRETCH'S POV: THE ROOM (UPSIDE-DOWN)

Leatherface --- a lumpy shadow outlined in the doorway light --- lugs in a heavy, messy load. He hangs it up; turns to go. Stops. He leans slowly around. He peers into the smoke-dark room, searching, listening.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch can hear her own heartbeat. She starts to shiver uncontrollably. She's helpless to hide herself.

ANGLE - LEATHERFACE

Leatherface shoves in among the hanging Shapes, a meat-hook in one hand.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch starts to fold herself upwards. Crawling up her own body. Trying desperately to pull herself up against the ceiling to hide.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly Leatherface finds her, half folded-up. He snaps her straight down, his meat hook raised.

Then he realizes this is Stretch.

## ANGLE - STRETCH AND LEATHERFACE

Leatherface can't believe his luck. He staggers back a bit.

Stretch cringes, shaking like a trapped animal. Watching him speechless. Expecting the hook.

## STRETCH'S POV: LEATHERFACE (UPSIDE-DOWN)

Leatherface just stands there dumbfounded. Then he slowly, tentatively reaches out to touch her.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Platehead slams another messy load through the doorway. He's got on parts of the Beatles wig patched with blond tufts.

## PLATEHEAD

C'mon Bubba! Cook's out here  
chewing ass like it was steak--  
(mimics Cook)  
'We gotta run for the money  
now! Chase that dollar, boy!  
Gotta go fast to catch it--'

Cook booms in behind Platehead and kicks him in the ass. Hauls Platehead out the doorway.

## ANGLE - STRETCH AND LEATHERFACE

Leatherface blocks Stretch from the others' sight.

He waits a beat after they go. Then Leatherface grabs up a muslin sack and ties it over Stretch to hide her.

Leatherface moves so fast and so strong that Stretch can't fight him. Stretch passes out in the sack.

CUT TO BLACK

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND SMOKE-ROOM --- NIGHT (LATER)  
C.U. - STRETCH

In the sack, Stretch jerks awake as a jagged bone-sawing knife splits open the muslin.

STRETCH'S POV: LEATHERFACE (UPSIDE-DOWN)

Leatherface is cutting the sack, flapping it open.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH AND LEATHERFACE

Stretch's head and hair drop out of the sack. But her body and hands are still tied up.

Leatherface hunkers down a little to get about face-to-face with her. He just looks into her darting eyes.

Stretch tries to stay very still feeling that anything can happen.

[NOTE: It's not easy to look Leatherface eye-to-eye. His face is not covered by leather. It's covered by dried strips of someone else's face.]

Now Leatherface pulls out a pack of Juicy Fruit, offers her a stick of gum.

Stretch's mind boggles a little; she blinks.

STRETCH

Urm. No I don't chew gum.  
Bad for your teeth.

But Leatherface unwraps the gum anyway, pokes it into her mouth. Puts 2 sticks of gum in his own mouth. He chews; she doesn't.

So Leatherface pokes another stick of gum into Stretch's mouth. And another. Stretch starts chewing, her mouth stuffed. They both chew a beat. He cocks his head, satisfied. She thinks: OK...

STRETCH

Ahm...Listen: thanks for the  
gum...but ...I gotta go home  
now. Y'know? Can't just hang  
out all night...

Leatherface stands up quickly. Stretch chokes half-a-beat hoping he's about to unhang her. But he doesn't seem to have really heard her.

Leatherface steps away a few paces, busy doing something.

Upside-down, Stretch can't figure out what he's doing. But she winces at the little slice-slice sounds he's making with his knife.

Now Leatherface turns back to Stretch. Her eyes bulge.

STRETCH'S POV: LEATHERFACE'S HANDS (UPSIDE-DOWN)

Stretch understands now what he's done. What he's carrying toward her in his hands: a freshly peeled-off face.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch shudders, gaping. She starts twisting, wriggling frenziedly. Fighting the rope that keeps her hands tied to her body.

Wrenching, swinging her body around madly trying to move away from whatever he's about to do next. Shaking her head insanely.

STRETCH

No. No! Put that down! No:  
what is that?! Is that wet?  
Is that wet?! Put it down!  
No--

SPLAT!

CLOSER ANGLE - STRETCH AND LEATHERFACE

It is wet. But Leatherface is uncannily gentle patting the new face onto Stretch's face.

As in Vertigo, Bride of Frankenstein, and many real-life relationships Leatherface is another misguided male trying to re-make his girlfriend into an image she's not.

Stretch is jerking around wildly violently. But Leatherface has a firm grip on Stretch's newly-masked head. He's trying to trim away the excess skin neatly.

Stretch gets out a half-scream --- then he muffles her mouth with a strip of skin. Leatherface glances around; makes a cautionary SHHHH-sign to her. Blood dribbles down her hair.

Suddenly outside the smoke-room: an EXPLOSION, lots of yelling.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Leatherface starts up; stops. He leans over upside-down to check out his work on Stretch. Not bad for a quick face.

Leatherface twists the cut-open sack tightly around Stretch to cover and muffle her up well.

He hurries out the smoke-room door, slamming it.

## ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch bucks, waggles hysterically in the sack.

Unexpectedly she crashes head-first to the floor in a heap. From all her sweat and struggle, Stretch has slid out of her boots. She's free in her socks; the boots stay stuck in the ceiling.

Stretch staggers up, tearing the sack half-off. But her hands are still tangle-tied to her body.

## CLOSE ANGLE - SMOKE-ROOM DOOR

Stretch stumbles to the door; bumps it open a crack to look out. In the slice of light, Stretch's face --- half her own/half a bloody hanging pieced-on extra face --- looks terrifying. But she's beyond caring.

## CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

She doesn't spot anyone outside the smoke-room. She edges through the doorway. Stretch checks all directions, not knowing which way to go to get out. All around her the tunnels moan and howl. Maybe there's no way out. But she's beyond caring.

She just runs.

[NOTE: The tunnel-work is a screwy multi-level maze, many sizes.]

CUT TO:

## INT. MAIN TUNNEL ---NIGHT

Stretch clambers down this wide corrugated-metal tunnel.

It's dimly-lit by strange dioramas crudely cut-out along the metal walls. (Dioramas: little fake scenes, like the exhibits of Cave Man Life at The Museum of Natural History.)

Stretch stumbles, bugged-out by these dioramas.

## STRETCH'S POV: DIORAMAS

These little fake scenes of Yuppie Skeletons At Play: Yuppie Skeletons jogging in the Park; Yuppie Skeletons sunning at the Beach; etc. The skeletons are real. They're wearing shreds of bright Yuppie outfits. It's grisly but somehow jaunty.

Suddenly the dirt wall that's been hollowed out behind the Beach diorama caves in. Knocking skeletons clattering into the tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL DEAD-END --- NIGHT

Stretch jumps back, rounding a corner. Here the tunnel abruptly dead-ends. It's all caved in.

This cave-in also looks oddly recent. The rubble: a mucky combo of dirt and bones. And it's clearly been man-made: the curved roof is criss-crossed by long, jagged saw-cuts that have caused the tunnel's collapse.

CUT TO:

INT. FIVE OFF-SHOOT TUNNELS --- NIGHT  
ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch back-tracks to where there are 5 off-shoot tunnels. She's swivelling, yo-yoing back-and-forth from one hole to the next.

Continuous low moaning permeates the tunnels. It's mixed with the crazy hoots and yells of the chainsaw family echoing up from somewhere close. Maybe too close.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Abruptly 3 off-shoot tunnels collapse deep inside, spilling out a rush of dirt and bones.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch has to make a move. Quickly poking her head into the last two dark holes. Suddenly she decides.

Too late.

The floor caves in, Stretch dropping with it.

CUT TO:

INT. COOK ROOM TUNNELS --- NIGHT  
ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch topples into a lower level tunnel that's caving in. This is at a junction of 3 tunnels that angle toward a garage-sized Cook Room.

Stretch flops wildly like a fish (her hands still tied) trying to struggle out of the debris. She sprawls up onto her knees looking around. She squints toward the Cook Room.

CUT TO:

INT. COOK ROOM --- NIGHT

Platehead, Cook and Leatherface crash around spraying foam over a grease-fire flashing across a wide grill. (This grease-fire is what exploded earlier.) In the middle of the shooting flames, they're having fun.

Platehead's batting the fire all over, playing with it. Cook's yelling crazily, batting Platehead around. Leatherface's just randomly throwing things up in the air.

They're too noisily self-absorbed in their own games to hear or notice anything or anyone else.

CUT TO:

INT COOK ROOM TUNNELS ---NIGHT  
CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

But as Stretch scrambles up she sees a FIGURE near her; more a man-shaped dirt pile than a man --- clutching a long chainsaw. He grabs at her.

Stretch squirms away with a muffled cry. Half-crawling. half-running in the only direction not blocked --- through one end of the Cook Room.



## ANOTHER ANGLE

For a half-second it's clear the dirt pile is Enright. Sweaty, dirt-caked, wheezing. He looks wrecked, maybe a little nuts: wild-eyed, shakey.

Then Enright bolts out of sight down a long trough.

CUT TO:

INT. COOK ROOM --- NIGHT  
ANGLE - COOK AND LEATHERFACE

They both spot something weird and bent-over whip around a corner at the room's end. This blur is Stretch: filthy, ragged, half-faced --- unrecognizable.

Cook double-takes. Leatherface straightens up unsurely.

COOK  
See that?

CLOSE ANGLE - LEATHERFACE

Leatherface nods yes then catches himself; shakes his head no.

Leatherface got a better glimpse than Cook. He's buzzed with anger and guilt --- he's got a secret. Leatherface grabs up a chainsaw, lumbering after what they saw.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Cook stops Platehead fizzing the fire. Platehead's got Grandad "helping" him --- i.e., he's wearing the Grandad muppet.

COOK  
Some kind of crazy booger just  
ran through here.

Platehead and Grandad react.

PLATEHEAD  
(nervous)

How big a booger?

PLATEHEAD (AS GRANDAD)  
(eager)

Big crazy booger I bet! Yehboy!

But Cook shoves Grandad off Platehead. Drags Platehead dragging Grandad after Leatherface.

CUT TO:

INT. NARROW TUNNEL ---NIGHT

Stretch pauses in a panic at a narrow tunnel and 2 off-shoot tunnels.

Here Leatherface runs down Stretch. He throws her into the narrow tunnel against one curved wall. And pins her there --- shoving the chainsaw hard against her gut, bracing himself against the opposite wall. They fill this narrow tunnel crossways.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH AND LEATHERFACE

Stretch's new face has almost completely ripped off. Leatherface angrily reaches across trying to stick it back on. But Stretch won't let him.

STRETCH

You're pissed off?? What about me? Listen: this isn't going to work. I'm trying to be open with you. It's nobody's fault. I just can't do this. Lemme go...

CLOSER ANGLE - LEATHERFACE

Leatherface doesn't want to hear this. He keeps shaking his head, punching the saw-blade hard into her gut. Holding her there. Trying to keep her.

C.U. - CHAINSAW BLADE

Unintentionally Leatherface is fraying the ropes that bind Stretch.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Unexpectedly Cook and Platehead skitter around the corner. They stop flat-footed; stare at this 'lovers' quarrel open-mouthed; Platehead almost drops Granddad:

COOK  
Whatthehell's going on here:

Leatherface and Stretch semi-freeze.

CLOSER ANGLE - COOK AND PLATEHEAD

Platehead glances back and forth from Stretch to Leatherface; studying. Then he starts to laugh crazily.

PLATEHEAD  
It's the DJ! My favé!

Cooks frowning. He's a little slow on the uptake:

COOK  
That dirty thing? Told me  
you boys got her!?

Platehead points; using Granddad's Hand:

PLATEHEAD  
Nān, look she's two-faced! Bubba's  
been playing with her! Bubba  
likes her! Bubba's got a girlfriend!...:

Platehead's capering; charting (as himself and Granddad) in a sing-song:

PLATEHEAD/GRANDAD  
 (two voices)  
 Bubba's-got-a-girlfriend-Bubba's-  
 got-a girlfriend...

Cook shakes his head, bitterly disgusted.

COOK  
 Is that what this is, Bubba?  
 Hanh?: The ol' Cock-and-Cunt  
 swindle? You had to find out  
 about it? Just couldn't do  
 without it?...

Cook is having a fit. It's not helped by Platehead's sing-songy two-voiced chant.

COOK  
 If you wanted to know about  
 it so bad why didn't you ask  
 me?? Wanna know about it? Ask  
 me? Ask me. It's a swindle!  
 That's all. Don't get mixed up  
 in it!...

CLOSE ANGLE - LEATHERFACE

Leatherface: silent. More silent than usual.

C.U. - STRETCH

But Stretch has glanced down, realized that the saw-blade's  
 chewing her rope.

C.U. - STRETCH'S ROPE

Stretch is very secretly, (very slowly) jiggling her body --  
 and the rope--against the chainsaw.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Cook can't tell exactly what Stretch is really doing.  
 But he can't take what seem to be her sexual undulations.

He snaps forward, almost slapping her.

COOK  
Arright Miss Priss cut that out!  
Leave him alone dammit!...

Stretch gets still. She's glancing around at this bunch,  
bug-eyed. Cook taps Leatherface hard, repeatedly.

COOK  
Bubba, you was s'pose to finish  
her. Finish her now!

C.U. - LEATHERFACE

Leatherface hesitates. He's torn.

ANGLE - PLATEHEAD

Now Platehead's switching to another chant. He flicks  
his Bic lighter, stomping a rhythm. He steps doing Grandad.

PLATEHEAD  
Burn-her-like-a-rat! Burn-  
her-like-a-rat!...

ANGLE - COOK

Tapping Leatherface harder.

COOK  
Better listen to me boy!  
Or I'll put some heat on  
you that you can't stand!...  
Finish her now!...

C.U. - LEATHERFACE

Leatherface still hesitates. He licks tooth.

He's weakening as the family pressure intensifies under the madly repeated chants ("Burn-her-like-a-rat!") and yells ("Finish her now!").

C.U. - STRETCH

Stretch gasps, choking on the verge of sobbing. Maybe the end.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Abruptly from the darkness at the other end of the tunnel: hellish rackety roaring. Everybody jolts, peering toward this commotion.

THEIR POV: THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL

A curious Figure is striding slowly out from the tunnel's darkness. Swinging a smoking, snarling chainsaw in each hand. The chainsaws spray long claws of sparks as they rake the tight tunnel walls. The spark-flashes cross-light the Figure like lightening.

Looks like Doom himself, only shorter.

And he's singing in a wheezing monotone. He's singing an old cowboy gospel favorite: "Bringing in the Sheaves".

ANGLE - THE GROUP

Even the chainsaw-family is a little boggled by this Gospel. Singing 'Saw-Man' coming up toward them from the darkness. They sort of just hang.

CLOSE ANGLE -STRETCH

But Stretch leans over intently, realizes it's Enright.

STRETCH  
(to herself)  
Lefty...

The next actions take only split-seconds.

It's over before the chainsaw-family can fully react.

ANGLE - COOK AND PLATEHEAD

Platehead and Cook shuffle-step, stumbling into each other.

ANGLE - STRETCH AND LEATHERFACE

Leatherface takes a half-step forward. He's starting to raise his chainsaw to attack.

Now Stretch breaks away. She's running headlong at Enright.

STRETCH  
Lefty: it's me!

ANGLE - ENRIGHT

Enright side-steps to let Stretch pass. She runs on.

Then Enright fiercely gashes the ceiling with both chainsaws. He pulls down a cave-in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He's blocking the tunnel: Enright and Stretch on one side of the fresh rubble/the chainsaw-family on the other.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAINSAW-FAMILY'S PART OF THE NARROW TUNNEL--- NIGHT  
ANGLE - THE FAMILY

Cook stares dumbfounded at the newly closed-off tunnel. He flips a withering sneer at Leatherface.

COOK

Now who was that?? How many  
them crazy boogers did you  
bring home, hanh? Gimme that...

Cook strips Leatherface of his chainsaw --- pointing out  
one of the off-shoot tunnels behind them to Platehead.

COOK

(to Platehead)

Cut her off.

Platehead grabs the chainsaw from Cook, dropping Grandad.  
Platehead's spinning into the off-shoot tunnel.

PLATEHEAD

She'll be in the garbage...

Cook ducks into the other off-shoot tunnel, yelling as  
he goes:

COOK

Meetcha there...

ANGLE - LEATHERFACE

Leatherface stands there abandoned, out cast. The tunnels  
howl, but a little muffled.

CLOSER ANGLE - LEATHERFACE

Leatherface turns, sees Grandad crumpled on the metal floor.  
He sits down beside Grandad in the rubble. He holds  
Grandad. Leatherface tries to commune with his ancestors.

CUT TO:

INT. ENRIGHT'S PART OF THE NARROW TUNNEL --- NIGHT  
ANGLE - ENRIGHT

Enright got half-caught in the cave-in. He's twisting out  
of the debris, unsticking his long jammed chainsaw.



He's lost sight of Stretch. He scrambles hard after her.

ENRIGHT  
Wait... Some of the tunnels,  
they're sealed... Wait...

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL-FORK --- NIGHT

Stretch pauses a half-beat coming to a fork in the tunnel-work. She hears Enright's shouts over the tunnel-howls.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly Platehead surprises Stretch, clanging out of a side tunnel. He grapples with her, forcing her down the left fork.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH AND PLATEHEAD

Stretch's hands are not quite free. Platehead's slamming her along like a toy, tussling her toward an off-shoot tunnel.

PLATEHEAD  
You was my fave but you're garbage  
now, girl...

Stretch locks one leg around Platehead to hold on, try to stop him. But he's looney unstoppable, banging her with the chainsaw.

C.U. - STRETCH

She's trying to bite Platehead --- anything to stop him. Stretch accidentally tongues her big wad of gum onto Platehead's frazzled wig.

This stops him.

ANGLE - STRETCH AND PLATEHEAD

Platehead drops the chainsaw, but holds onto Stretch. He's clawing one-handed at the sticky wad on his head. The wig's coming apart. The wad's getting stickier the more he pulls at it --- stringy webs of gum stretching from his head all over Platehead.

Platehead's falling down in a tantrum.

Stretch falls over getting away, finally tearing one of her hands loose.

But Platehead explodes onto her.

ANGLE - OFF-SHOOT TUNNEL

Platehead's shoveling Stretch up and knocking her into the tunnel. Stretch's trying to struggle out, but can't get any footing.

This tunnel drops suddenly and sharply like a chute.

Stretch skids wildly down the chute-tunnel out of sight,  
Platehead yelling:

PLATEHEAD

Garbage...

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Platehead grabs the chainsaw with his gooeyed-up hand, yank-starting it. He windmills the buzzing chainsaw winding up like a pitcher. He's hopping over to the tunnel, a little off-balance, laughing crazily.

Platehead throws the chainsaw down the chute-tunnel after Stretch.

But then he stumbles into the chute-tunnel after the chain-saw.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUTE-TUNNEL ---NIGHT  
CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch keeps skidding down the chute-tunnel. She's jerking her other hand loose, but there's nothing to grab onto. The curved corrugated-metal is slick with some kind of ooze.

Stretch glances up the tunnel --- hearing something rumbling down toward her.

STRETCH'S POV: UP THE CHUTE-TUNNEL

The runaway chainsaw loops and bangs, chewing and scooping the chute-tunnel walls. Coming down in roaring bursts of sparks.

ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch cries out seeing what's on her tail. She starts pushing herself forward faster, scooting and sliding downward. Trying to go faster.

ANGLE - CHAINSAW (ABOVE STRETCH)

The chainsaw's flipping end-over-end in arcs of sparks.

CLOSE ANGLE - PLATEHEAD (ABOVE CHAINSAW)

Platehead's yowling flinging and bouncing himself off the chute-tunnel walls trying to slow his downward plunge. Platehead's heavier than the chainsaw so he's catching up on it.

PLATEHEAD'S POV: DOWN THE CHUTE-TUNNEL

The chainsaw grooves around a curve in the chute-tunnel shooting a tale of sparks like Halley's comet.

Platehead's getting closer to the chainsaw.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL GARBAGE ROOM --- NIGHT

At the bottom-level of the tunnel-work, a big room that's wall-to-wall with unwholesome, knee-deep garbage.

Cook's shambling out of an off-shoot tunnel, picking across the garbage. He's scanning the ends of the 6 chute-tunnels that drop down into the Garbage Room about shoulder-height.

CLOSE ANGLE - COOK

He's listening; studying the sounds coming out of the chute-tunnels. Low moans drift from 5 of the chute-tunnels. Hysterical yowling and loud crashing rushes from the other one.

CLOSE ANGLE - CRASHING CHUTE-TUNNEL END

Cook hustles to the end of the crashing chute-tunnel. He pulls his head up into it, listening hard. He knows he's picked the right chute-tunnel. But he can't figure what all the noise is.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUTE-TUNNEL --- NIGHT

CLOSE ANGLE - PLATEHEAD (ABOVE CHAINSAW)

Platehead's slithering and yelping faster and faster downward.

The chute-tunnel makes 3 sudden humps.

Platehead hits the humps, picking up more speed.

CLOSE ANGLE - PLATEHEAD AND CHAINSAW (ABOVE STRETCH)

NOW Platehead's coming right down on the runaway chainsaw.

Now the chainsaw's skipping along backwards --- the flailing blade turned toward Platehead.

Platehead's trying to double his legs away from the blade. Now Platehead's going butt-first.

Platehead's butt hurtles closer and closer to the chewer.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH (BELOW CHAINSAW)

Stretch's half-sliding/half-skiing fast as a flash downward.

There's a space ahead where the chute-tunnel walls have come apart. Dirt drools in through this space.

Stretch grabs onto this space. She's digging like a mad dog to make a hole in the dirt.

CLOSE ANGLE - PLATEHEAD AND CHAINSAW (ABOVE STRETCH)

Platehead and the chainsaw are rolling and tumbling almost tangling together. Platehead's flower patched bell-bottoms are getting all ripped up. Zooming downward.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL GARBAGE ROOM --- NIGHT  
CLOSE ANGLE - COOK

Cook keeps popping his head up into the end of the chute-tunnel with a big expectant grin.

\*\*\*\*\*

[NOTE: This intercutting can go on into raving madness.]

\*\*\*\*\*

CUT TO:

INT. CHUTE-TUNNEL --- NIGHT  
CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch's clawing out some kind of hole in the dirt and crushing herself into it.

The chainsaw streaks past, just missing her.

Platehead whizzes by a minisecond later, disappearing down the chute-tunnel.

Stretch throws herself out of the hole. She's bracing herself across the chute-tunnel. Then she starts pulling herself upwards.

Out of sheer desperation and pure adrenalin-rush, Stretch starts scrambling up the chute-tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL GARBAGE ROOM --- NIGHT  
ANGLE - CRASHING CHUTE-TUNNEL END

Hearing the crashing/yelling coming louder and closer, Cook reaches excitedly into the chute-tunnel end. He won't let Stretch get away this time.

COOK  
Getcha now Miss Priss...

Abruptly 6 inches above Cook's head: the roaring chainsaw smashes through the metal chute-tunnel rocketing across the Garbage Room and thudding deeply into the opposite wall.

And again ~~abruptly~~, Platehead crashes from the chute-tunnel butt-to-face with Cook and flattens them both in the garbage.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUTE-TUNNEL --- NIGHT  
CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch keeps scrambling upward. She's gasping and gagging for breath. She's nearing the mouth of the chute-tunnel.

STRETCH'S POV: MOUTH OF CHUTE-TUNNEL

There's a dim light slanting across the mouth of the chute-tunnel. There's a MAN crouching over the mouth, looking down. He's outlined indistinctly.

C.U. - STRETCH

Stretch's squinting up panting. She's only a few feet from the top. Her strength's almost gone. She can't make out the Man.

STRETCH  
Lefty?...

C.U. - MOUTH OF CHUTE-TUNNEL

A hand reaches down tentatively to help Stretch. An older man's hand. It's shaking a little.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch sees the older man's hand. She's reaching up to it.

STRETCH  
Lefty... It's you, Lefty?...

The hand grips Stretch's wrist, starts pulling her up the last few feet of the chute-tunnel.

Pulling her up a little too fast.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL-FORK --- NIGHT  
CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch spirals up out of the chute-tunnel --- into the embrace of Grandad. Or more accurately, into the embrace of Leatherface wearing the Grandad muppet.

It's an uncanny embrace: The Living In The Dead.

STRETCH  
No... No...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Leatherface hugs Stretch tightly into Grandad-and-himself, whirling deliriously. Around and around and...

Then he jumps with Stretch right back into the chute-tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUTE-TUNNEL --- NIGHT  
ANGLE - STRETCH, GRANDAD, LEATHERFACE

Stretch is finally being shattered by fear.



Stretch's shrieking hopelessly held in the crunching grip of Grandad-and-Leatherface whipping downward.

Leatherface is taking the chute-tunnel like a fun-house slide.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL GARBAGE ROOM --- NIGHT  
ANGLE- CRASHING CHUTE-TUNNEL END

Cook and Platehead are staggering to their feet woozily. They're shaking themselves, trying to get their beat-up brains together. It's not easy.

Now Grandad-and-Leatherface and Stretch land in the garbage standing up with a jolt.

Grandad-and-Leatherface are jumping around holding Stretch up like a prize.

Cook and Platehead can't believe it. They whoop with idiotic delight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Suddenly the 6 chute-tunnels around the Garbage Room start collapsing almost all at once.

The chainsaw-family's haphazardly dodging the exploding down-pouring debris.

Gradually all this collapsing tapers off. It ends.

And there arises an eerie silence. For the first time in the tunnel-work: no moaning, no howling. No sound. Nothing. Just dead silence.

The chainsaw-family exchange bewildered glances.

Then the silence is changed by the echoing sound of quiet gospel-singing. And two sputtering chainsaws.

ANGLE - OFF-SHOOT TUNNEL

Now the short figure of Doom stumps in the only unblocked tunnel out of the Garbage Room. He stops and stands swinging his two buzzing chainsaws.

Enright.

He's not singing anymore. He sets himself rock-solid like a gunfighter.

C.U. - ENRIGHT

Enright's eyes in his dirt-smeared face glitter with beserk emotions. He's shaking his head firmly. Deadly. He speaks slowly:

ENRIGHT  
You boys shouldn't a been doin'  
this.

CLOSE ANGLE - CHAINSAW-FAMILY

Platehead and Cook shuffle-back-step closer to Grandad-and-Leatherface. Stretch is just blinking in a near-catatonic awe.

Now Cook gathers himself importantly, half-steps forward. Now he's annoyed.

COOK  
Arrright: who sent you? Hanh?...  
them sissies over at Del-Mar  
Catering?... That chickenshit  
Burrito-Man bunch?...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Enright doesn't answer. He just keeps shaking his head.

Cook's digging in his back-pocket, pulling out a big wad of greenbacks. Now he's exasperated.

COOK

Who,... Who sent you?...Well, I don't care, y'hear... Competition's rough, but I can play rough too. If you can't stand the heat, get out of the damn kitchen, hanh?...

Cook's counting out money in his hands.

COOK

How much?... Lets make a deal right here. Real cash money, hanh? You and me. I dont care who--

Enright cuts him off, raising his chainsaws righteously.

ENRIGHT

I am the Lord of the Harvest.

Cook only half-pauses at this. Then goes back to his money-counting impatiently.

COOK

Who? Whozat?... Hn: some new bunch. Health Food, hanh?... C'mon, c'mon: Is there money in it you wanna know? Yeh: right here. How much, how--

ANGLE - ENRIGHT

Again he cuts Cook off, stepping forward thrusting the chainsaws.

ENRIGHT

Turn sister loose.

CLOSE ANGLE - GRANDAD AND LEATHERFACE

Leatherface understands what's up now. He's shucking Grandad, dropping Stretch in a rush.

Leatherface's lurching across the Garbage Room to pull his battered chainsaw out of the wall.

ANGLE - STRETCH

Stretch's half-crawling/half-running through the garbage toward Enright. Stretch's struggling out of the shroud-like Grandad. Even in her mind-blown state, Stretch recognizes this is her last chance to escape.

ANGLE - OFF-SHOOT TUNNEL

Stretch's coming to Enright. But he motions her past him and up the off-shoot tunnel.

CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH AND ENRIGHT

Stretch passes Enright, locking eyes with him one last time.

STRETCH  
Come on Lefty...

Enright shakes his head.

ENRIGHT  
Pray for my soul.

Stretch runs on into the off-shoot tunnel's darkness.

Enright jerks around after Stretch passes. He gashes the ceiling of the off-shoot tunnel, pulling down a cave-in.

Enright's sealing himself in the Garbage Room with the chainsaw-family.

CUT TO:

INT. OFF-SHOOT TUNNEL --- NIGHT  
CLOSE ANGLE - STRETCH

She runs crazily. Behind her the tunnel starts collapsing all along its length. The collapsing tunnel seems to be chasing Stretch.

She runs faster and faster, breathless.

STRETCH  
(to herself)  
Pray for my soul, pray for my  
soul, pray for my soul...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ahead of Stretch the tunnel seems to go on forever.

CUT TO:

INT. GARBAGE ROOM --- NIGHT

Enright and the chainsaw-family face off, jockeying around for the best positions.

Leatherface yank-starts his rattling chainsaw.

Enright starts humming and singing gospel again.

ENRIGHT  
'Bringing in the Sheaves, bringing  
in the sheaves...

Now Platehead's stomping his feet, getting into the gospel-rhythm. Music is his life.

Platehead starts to singalong with Enright in weird harmony:

ENRIGHT AND PLATEHEAD  
'Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in  
the sheaves...'

They're all ready for anything.

But not this: the ceiling of the Garbage Room starts  
collapsing.

Enright's destruction of the tunnel-work has weakened  
the entire infrastructure of the chainsaw-family's nest.  
The whole place is caving in.

Enright is buried first.

The whole place is caving in.

CUT TO BLACK  
TIME-CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS OIL FIELD --- DAY (DAWN)

In the morning mist, dozens of oil-pumping machines dot  
the scabbyrolling prairie. The oil-pumping machines: see-  
saw endlessly, striking down at the earth over and over...

Scattered among the oil-pumping machines: capped oil-wells.  
The dry holes or used-up holes have a kind of corking  
device welded across the top of each one.

CLOSE ANGLE - ONE CAPPED OIL-WELL

Abruptly a battered rattling chainsaw-blade punctures the  
welded cap. Sludgy ooze bubbles up around the chainsaw-  
blade.

The chainsaw keeps hacking a bigger hole in the welded cap.

From underground: the yapping sound of Cook and Platehead  
bickering and babbling.

THE END